

# PALMETTO STANDARD.

SAMP. W. MELTON, Editors.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

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## THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

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BY C. DAVID MELTON.

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## Editorial.

## GOVERNMENT.

A lady having been interested in the personal of an article on somnambulism, published in the *Phrenological Journal*, some time ago, communicates the following interesting facts as among the particulars of her own psychological experience. After passing a course of exciting psychological impressions and vivification, by which she lost her health and became a confirmed dyspeptic, she proceeds thus:

"It was at the period when the abhorred disease received the most ample nomination, and the morbid appetite was more clamorous than when in health, that I became sole sojourner in sleep-walking. I would go up at night, go softly into the pantry, and help myself plentifully to all the good things I could find. The moment I awoke in the morning, I remembered everything, and threw my mind into a state of suspense. Next morning, I told my sister that Mrs. C. would not come to me; that sickness would prevent. They would not believe me, of course, until a note came, saying that she had a severe cold, and could not come. But we have another girl, and her name is Lizzie."

"Now, sir, can you tell me a reason for all this? Yes, all this, and much, very much more of the same character. It is past my comprehension entirely."

morning, but thought no more of it. Two weeks passed by, and the same lady was taken sick with the measles in its most malignant and contagious form. The ladies all fled from the house in terror, except my two sisters. The lady died, and then I heard again the same remarks about dressing the corpse that I heard in my sleep. I spoke to it at the time as a strange coincidence, and one of them said she wondered if the rest would come true also. Suffice it to say, it did, even to the most trifling particular.

My sister took the disease, and was very sick recovering, she went to the door and took cold. The same day she was exposed to the small pox, and was brought to the brink of the grave. We all took the disease from her, and were all sick together.

"Another time I was away from home, and I dreamed that an invalid sister was sick and dying. I saw her laid out after death, in my sleep, and witnessed a post mortem examination. The body, before the burial, and the grave, after the funeral, was closely watched, lest the corpse should be stolen by medical students. This, and other circumstances too numerous to mention, I saw in my dream. The very next day news came that my sister was dead. And not only so, but every thing transpired just as I saw it in my sleep.

"A few days since, we engaged a girl to do our house-work. Next night, I dreamed that she was sick and could not come. But I saw another doing the work, whom we call Lizzie. Next morning, I told my sister that Mrs. C. would not come to me; that sickness would prevent. They would not believe me, of course, until a note came, saying that she had a severe cold, and could not come. But we have another girl, and her name is Lizzie."

The great desire of a position in society, common to all, remedies the defect of the natural inclinations. The dark ages have passed away like a shadow over the rock, leaving no trace of their former existence.—The light of refinement and learning has succeeded, as day to night, driving away the clouds of ignorance and error that darkened the horizon of life. The philosophy of the past was, that virtue consists in power and wealth, and when these did not flourish it could not be. Such an error in philosophy has vanished before the light of revealed truth; and, in the present age, none can reach the standard of excellence or virtue, unless by the most persevering labor and integrity. The haunts of crime must be unfringed property, must not be thought common, virtue values, or religion hypocrites. The mind must be instructed, the character formed after a true model, the mental and physical power be brought into active exercise, before man can rise to his destined sphere.

Write punctually to those with whom you have business connections. A great many, who lack neither industry nor resolution, find it extremely hard to write a business-note of a half dozen lines. Like rail cars, it is easier to run forty miles on their track than a rod out of the way on either side. A friend of ours, who had suffered much for lack of news from his vessel when on her voyage, gave a package of old letters, directed to himself, into the hands of the captain, with positive orders for him to drop one into the port where he touched. The post-mark on the corner answered his purpose.

Write to your sister. Your letters are a luxury to her; she prizes them above her jewelry, and they cost you nothing, or near it. Be at charge for a sheet of paper and a thumbful of ink. The cigar you are smoking cost as much as the postage of it. The cigar ends in ashes and smoke; the letter strengthens the family tie, and adds a strand to the lasting cords that bind the members of a common home together.

Write to your mother. If you are in good company she will see it in your letters, and be comforted in your absence. If you neglect to write, her affection has had struggles with her fears to assure her that you have not gone astray. Have not time? Take from the backgammon board, from the cards of sermons, from the society of companions, from sleep, from meals. When you have not time to write to your mother, you have not time to look at a crowd gathered in the street. He that made time, gave you time enough. What have you done with it?

Write to your father. Your postscript thickens the white hairs on his reverend head. Are you bolder than he? and he writes to you. He will not misinterpret your silence; he can trust his boy.

He knows you are on a busy tide; the ocean runs fast. He will forgive you his good wishes from the bank. But he must go up soon; and when you have time to look, his manly form may have departed. Give him the continuous series of frequent letters, that he may know to the last he is not forgotten. Write to him to-day.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Booneboodle Odd Fellow states that a camp-meeting of the United Brethren held a couple of months ago, in Huntington county, Pa., a young man, professing to seek religion, was told that he must confess his sins, and after much hesitation stated that he had been con-

## INFLUENCE OF TRUTH.

Among the manifold objects of pursuit, which have received attention of men of the present day, there is none which is so pleasing to the mind, or affords so many opportunities for advancement in the moral and political world, as that of truth. Other pursuits may exert an ephemeral influence on the mind—may guide the thoughts, and control the physical efforts of individuals, and of society for a time; but this will eventually attract the attention of every man of sense; and that it may be acquired, for the sake of the consequences of its possession, will direct their efforts in that channel which leads to its acquisition.

There are many circumstances attending every man's life, which should not some power be brought to counteract their influence, would result in idleness, dissipation and crime. The natural indications of the mind tend to such a result; and society, which is composed of many minds, would promote this end, did not all the experience of the past prove, that in such a state of affairs—namely, every man giving way to the impulses of passion—all society would be destroyed; all its attendant blessings fade away, as the flower of Summer before the withering influence of Autumn's cold.

The great desire of a position in society, common to all, remedies the defect of the natural inclinations. The dark ages have passed away like a shadow over the rock, leaving no trace of their former existence.—The light of refinement and learning has succeeded, as day to night, driving away the clouds of ignorance and error that darkened the horizon of life. The philosophy of the past was, that virtue consists in power and wealth, and when these did not flourish it could not be. Such an error in philosophy has vanished before the light of revealed truth; and, in the present age, none can reach the standard of excellence or virtue, unless by the most persevering labor and integrity. The haunts of crime must be unfringed property, must not be thought common, virtue values, or religion hypocrites. The mind must be instructed, the character formed after a true model, the mental and physical power be brought into active exercise, before man can rise to his destined sphere.

Let society be subject to such a discipline, and the great end of life will be accomplished; false principles will fade away before the light of truth, as a mist before the influence of a Summer's sun. Individuals will rise in the scale of being, and so society and nations. Refinement and religion will extend their influence and become prevalent—ignorance and error disappear. Freedom of thought will succeed, and nations, brought to a knowledge of their wrongs, will rebel from their present allegiance, and, like our illustrious fathers of '76, resolve to be free.

Their efforts shall not prove fruitless; but, like them, they will succeed, and gain, as a fruit of their labors, freedom of thought, speech and the press, and a control over their actions, so far as they do not interfere with the happiness and existence of others. Though error may, for a time, hold its sway, and, as in fallen Hungary, crush by her superior force, all the efforts of truth to exist, yet the time will come when it shall yield to Truth—when all forms of tyranny shall be swept away as with the lightning's flash, and Freedom shall hang forth her ensign to the nations of the earth, and furnish to all the people the attendant blessings; for it is an axiom, the world over, that "Truth will triumph."

Such will be the improved condition of man everywhere, where an elevation of character is sought by the pursuit of truth; by a study to distinguish the real from the unreal, by desiring the haunts of idleness, dissipation and crime, for the temple of knowledge, where refinement, religion, and freedom in harmony do dwell, affording to all who come within the compass of its influence an alloy of earthly happiness.

Let then, all, as they value success in life, the esteem of contemporaries and their own happiness, seek to elevate their own characters, and that of those with whom they may meet in life, by a strict observance of truth—by ever keeping before them this above every other pursuit. For now, while such principles as those emanating from this source give an impulse to their labor, they will ever be encouraged to persevere, simply from the thought; and when old age comes creeping on, as night does to day, and our days become overshadowed with gloom and doubt, the remembrance of our past lives will revive our drooping spirits, as water does the withering plant, and restore them to their former verdure.—*Boston Waterly Magazine.*

How long the pleasant fêtes of Troy might have lasted, or to what they might have led, it is impossible to say, for they were suddenly cut short by no other hand than that of the redoubtable Fouché. The young impostor was waited upon one morning by an officer of police, at the house of one of his devoted and wealthy adherents, and requested to accompany his visitor upon a short but important journey. Louis XVII rose from his seat, and threw himself into a

carried in a murder. He said that he and two other individuals (the names of whom he was not willing to give) were offered the sum of \$1500 to murder a drover then on his way from the east to Cleveland, Ohio; and that two men did commit the murder, near Chambersburg. He was subsequently arrested, but, from some cause, was discharged by a Magistrate.

A DEMOCRATIC SIGHT.—To see the President elect of the United States marching on foot through the streets, the mud ankle-deep following to the grave an old esteemed companion in arms. This sight was beheld in Boston on Monday, and elicited unrestrained expressions of admiration from crowds of citizens. Among the many sorrowing mourners at the obsequies of our late valued friend, Dr. Justin E. Stevens, we believe none were more sincere than Gen. Franklin Pierce. He was accompanied by Major Pittman, Gen. Cushing, Captain Grafton, of the 6d Infantry, and Lieut. Glackson, who were all attached to the 9th regiment in Mexico, of which Dr. Stevens was the surgeon.—*Boston Times.*

## Historical Sketch.

### THE DAUPHIN IMPOSTORS.

Tax histories of the three pretended dauphins are choice instances of human gullibility. The capacity of man's swallow is proverbial. It was certainly never opened more widely than when a large section of the French people consented togulp down, against all rational evidence, and against the testimony of their own senses, three impostors who, one after another, impudently attempted to make their fortunes by a fraud whose daring character was equalled only by its overpowering absurdity. One of these pretended dauphins, as the majority of our readers will remember, for a time graced England with his royal presence, selecting the regal suburb of Camberwell for his honored residence. But he was the last of the vagabonds, and, although the cleverest, by no means the most illustrious. Two rascals had gone before, who surpassed him in blushing audacity, and excelled him in villainy. They deserved success, if they could command it; and, considering how readily the throne of France has since opened to the most unaccredited of applicants, it was, perhaps, hard upon the high-souled adventurers in question, that they were refused the eager reception so handsomely accorded to successors, who have certainly swindled on as large a scale as themselves.

In the year 1796, a stripling, the son of a poor tailor named Hervagault, living in the little village of St. Lo, in the department of La Manche, ran away from his home. His manners were engaging; but his morals were unrefined—property, must not be thought common, virtue values, or religion hypocrites. The mind must be instructed, the character formed after a true model, the mental and physical power be brought into active exercise, before man can rise to his destined sphere.

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theatrical attitude; the ladies of the house wept around him, and male royalists convulsively clasped their hands. A zealous priest caught him by the leg, and bade the son of St. Louis receive with resignation, as well as hope, the destiny awarded by Heaven. The son of St. Louis said he would, and was disownied by his family, who were disowned by him. His first attempt upon public credulity, would seem to have been made at St. Malo, where he boldly proclaimed himself King of France, and ex-dauphin of the Temple. He was immediately arrested, examined, and thrust into prison, where his majesty, having only five francs in the world, condescended to earn his livelihood by making wooden shoes for his fellow-prisoners.

The usual incidents followed. People of education, and respectable, rational men, gave credence to a tale that had falsehood written on its front. Gold poured in one more. Again the pretender's table was laid with every luxury—again the softest couch offered repose to a most grateful and contented head. For the second time the believers might be counted by thousands.—One ultra Bourbon lady went from church to church, praying for light wherewith to discover the son of the martyred king. She performed the ceremony at Rouen, where the shoemaker was imprisoned. The priest of the church had fortunately power to furnish the amount of light required, and conducted the suppliant, without delay, to the august presence. The lady flung herself at the foot of the monarch, and wildly exclaimed,—"Tie he," and, at the bidding of the priest, supplied his majesty liberally with cash and jewelry.

The third and last of the pretended dauphins, Herr Neundorf by name, was a watchmaker by trade, and in his way a genius by the grace of God. He had married a person of humble circumstances, by whom he had many children; he had regard to them to the consideration of the public, and had gone on his travels early in life, like his predecessors, whose fate afforded him no salutary warning.

One only difficulty stood in the way of Herr Neundorf when he commenced business.

He could not speak French, which was awkward enough in a King of France;

but thirty years' non-residence, as he himself naively asserted, was quite sufficient account for that unfortunate omission.

A clairvoyant had seen the dauphin in a vision. Herr Neundorf made his acquaintance, and was fortuitously pronounced by the gifted seer, "the exact counterpart of the precious figure presented to him in his ecstasy."

The effects of the announcement were immense. One has only to be mentioned.

Contributions flowed in to the pseudo monarch, at the rate of fifty thousand pounds per annum!

Herr Neundorf was not a simpleton, like the first pretender, nor a brute, like the second.

We have said he was a man of genius.

He drove in the Champs Elysées a splendid equipage, and his carriage was touchingly emblazoned with the crest of a broken crown.

He formed a little court, and, living in modern times, he caused a newspaper to be established, for the advocacy of his claims.

Respecting those claims, there could be no reasonable doubt.

He had a mark upon his person which he could show in private, and which was quite as convincing as the testimony of the pensioner; moreover, he had a peculiarity in his teeth—the same phenomenon had been remarked in the living child-dauphin.

When Herr Neundorf showed his molars, the adherents were perfectly frantic, and to shrink from allegiance was denounced as an act of high treason.

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Louis Philippe was on the throne—an arch intriguer, as the world knew.

He did not order Herr Neundorf to the Bièvre, or summon him to trial, but he took a surer way to his purpose.

He hired





# THE PALM BEACH STANDARD.

COUNTING HOUSE CALENDAR FOR 1853.

Month	Days	Lunar Epochs											
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
January	31	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
February	28	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
March	31	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
April	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
May	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
June	30	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
July	31	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1
August	29	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
September	30	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
October	29	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
November	30	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
December	29	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

AND PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT  
THE PALM BEACH STANDARD OFFICE.

**WINTER GARDEN AT THE SOUTH.**  
The garden has planted judiciously, and without understanding, the winter garden may exceed even the summer garden. But also few can boast of any vegetable but the potato and common turnip; through all the disagreeable winter. The provident gardener would be able to place upon the table every day, from the 1st of the month until spring shall have dawned again, the following articles: Turnips, the solid, hard hearted; the pungent broccoli and cauliflower; the savory parsnip; the savory carrots; the tender like asparagus; the seasoning radish, turnip, and shallot; the tender frost bitten leafy lettuce, the sweet radishes and turnip; the aromatic parsley, with many other herbs to make palatable the more substantial meats—all these may be had, for the culture, standing in the open ground throughout the entire winter.

**Working Horses and other Working Animals.**—All such animals should be kept in good condition; they should be kept in a moderately warm, well ventilated and airy stable, which should be kept sweet and clean—their food should be nutritious, and given them thrice a day, at regular hours; they should be watered as often, curried and rubbed down night and morning, and be well bedded at night.

## CROCKETT OUTDOOR.

**Saltting Stock.**—Stock of all kinds should be salted twice or three a week; an ounce at a time will be sufficient. We prefer a mixture composed of equal parts of ashes, slaked oyster-shell lime and salt. Of this we should give to a grown animal, 2 oz. twice a week; to young ones, according to size, from 4 to 6 oz. twice a week.

**Ditching and Draining.**—If you have any wet, clayey, or other fields that require draining, seize upon every opportunity during the winter to ditch and drain them. If you cannot afford to purchase tiles, or have not stones of suitable size, you may make a very good covered drain with pine poles, one to stand on either side of the drain, and the third laid upon both between the two sides so as to keep the drain open; conduct open; fill along the sides of the lower poles and above the middle one, straw and the twigs of pine and cedar, a few inches, to keep the loose earth from filling up the drain; leave between the materials used to fill in and the upper or plough surface, from 12 to 14 inches.

**Fencing.**—Have as much of this cut down and hauled into the barn-yard as will last you for a year, between this and the last of next month. Seize upon every opportunity through the winter to have it worked into posts and rails, in order that you may be ready to make or repair, as the case may be, all the fences on your place.

**Fruit Trees.**—If the bark on the trunks of your garden fruit trees is infested with moths, or a gill of meal; the lamb should be given about 2 pounds of hay per day, and receive roots cut up finely, once or twice a week. All the hay or fodder given to sheep should be cut. Salt and pine straws should always be accessible.

**Water-melons.**—As we have often heard told you, tell you again: If you have any red clay fields that you intend to cultivate next spring, you would greatly improve their texture and capacity by ploughing them this winter. You should, however, allow some time for your work. The time to plough them, is when they are most dry.

The editor of a western paper, having lost his ax to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it he said: "You had easily got it fixed." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost me a quarter." "Well," said the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor, here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper, at once."

## Humorous Reading.

### A DOLEFUL CASE—POLICE SCENE.

**Samuel Doleful** was a short, thin gentleman with a small narrow chest, long arms, waspish legs, big face, with large blue-point oyster eyes, square nose, white as chalk, and tipped at the end, with red, wide mouth, broad chin and dingy brown hair.

The charge against him was being poor, and the charge was sustained by unanswerable witnesses. A tattered coat that once might have been black, now faded to a dingy brown, was buttoned over his narrow chest up to his neck; and his pipe-stem legs encased in coarse corduroy, dove-tailed with camomile, beaver-knee, &c., in the way of patches.

**Samuel**, said the Judge, I believe I shall have to give you thirty days. Indeed, in your present situation, you ought to be glad of the chance.

**Samuel.**—Glad! who talks of glad? I was born doleful, and I intend to die doleful—if I don't, buzz me.

**Judge.**—Don't swear, **Samuel**; don't swear.

**Samuel** looked pensively at the Judge, and then wiped a portion of his right eye with his coat tail. I was born weeping—My daddy used to chew wormwood afore I was born, and mother made a practice of getting drunk on vinegar. When I was a boy, the folks wouldn't let me kiss their children, 'cause they said I'd give 'em the "spitfire." I looked so sour. When I was at school, I got all the liskings, and when I got married, my wife said if we had children, they'd be walking vinegar casks, if they was boys; and if they was gals, they'd be nothing but jugs of cream of tartar set on legs, to plague the whole world with scaldingly facets. If she didn't say so, buzz me.

**Judge.**—Don't swear, **Samuel**. Let me advise you, it would be better for you to make a respectable man of yourself.

**Samuel.**—What's the use of making yourself respectable, when any feller has a right to slander you and make you disreputable again?

**Judge.**—You might go to work **Samuel**.

**Samuel.**—What's the use of working, when it only makes you tired!

**Judge.**—You might put on a clean shirt now and then.

**Samuel.**—What's the use of putting on a clean shirt, when it gets dirty again?

**Judge.**—You might sleep in a house like the choir.

**Samuel.**—What's the use of sleeping in a house, and payin' rent, when a board pile does just as well?

**Judge.**—If you had made a respectable man of yourself, your wife would have staid with you, and you would now have had a nice family of children around you.

**Samuel.**—What's the use of having children when they only sass you? And if they don't sass you, always gettin' the whoopin' cough and asth'mal colds and snuffles out of all character, and all the towels in the house as aint used, will succumb to its tyrannic sway—will be promoted. We hold it to be undeniably true, that any animal which may be comfortably kept in a warm, dry, well ventilated apartment, can be supported upon one-fourth less food than that is exposed to the elements. The reasons for this opinion, though sound and ample, we have not room now to state. If there be a farmer who can sleep with an undisturbed consciousness, of a cold wintry night, while his cattle are exposed to the angry and chilling blasts of a winter's night, we envy not his feelings.

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**CROCKETT OUTDOOR.**—

**A Yankees** joker yarning it says, talking of Crockett, "why, Ezekiel Nash, a genuine down-easter, could send him to eternal smashes right off." Nash chews cabin cables for tobacco, takes gunpowder for snuff, and blows his nose with a tin pocket handkerchief; he sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red hot. Instead of rats and mice, wolves and grizzly bears prowl about his room at night; but he sleeps so sound, that he is obliged to be thrown out of the window every morning to wake him.

His mother missed him when a baby, and found him at last in a hornet's nest, playing at boopeep with a couple of rattle snakes. As an infant, Zekiel was a wonder, I guess; he has razors and bayonets for toys, walked in top-boots when he was three days old, rocked hot coals and used to rub his gums with a nutmeg grater; they weaned him the day he was born, and fed him on porridge made of flat stones, and lignumvitae soaked in prussic acid.

His appetite, for a boy, was awful; he once ate three parts of a horse, and then asked if tea wasn't ready. When he rides on a railroad, he gets out to walk a mile or forty miles, and then waits an hour or two for the train to overtake him. The engine comes up panting and blowing, and often starts with a forced laugh:

"We don't bite at large hooks," gruffly muttered one of the rammies.

"Well," replied the ready elyman; "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers that do not bite."

"Gentlemen and Ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lions Den. Daniel can easily be distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his left arm."

As a speculator, Nash is real lucky. He held some canal shares once which went up to such a premium, he was obliged to sell a broker up in a balloon to sell out.

Have you said your prayers, John? I said a doing mother, to her obedient little boy.

"No ma'am. It aint my work; Bill says the prayer, and I the amens! We agreed to do it, cause it comes shorter."

A lady in New England, aged 80, lately brought herself for love! Of the bottle most likely.

## AN ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote from the New Hampshire Telegraph, is too good to be lost:

Many years ago there was, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed, that he loved a joke much better than the most inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use, and it so happened that the choir of his church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture and in it a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the field and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of unbroken grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try its quality, perchance to ascertain if its location had at all improved its flavor: at any rate the doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when,

"Hoo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and with a grave face said—

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service time, it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on.

"Hoo-woo-woo," went the bull again, as was another green spot.

The pastor paused again, and addressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, it annoys me very much."

The people stirred; for they knew by the twinkle of his eye that he knew as well as any one what the state of the case was.

The minister went on again with his discourse but he had not proceeded far before another "Hoo-woo-woo," came from Mr. Bull, when the parsons paused once more, and exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Lefever, that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was too much. Lefever got up, too much agitated at the thought of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It isn't me, parson B——, it's th—that town bull!"

"Oh," said the parson, "is it?" Then the sexton will please drive away the bull."

The people laughed; but with a gratified look at the success of his joke, he went on with his sermon.

## Specimen of a Georgia Justice.

A few evenings ago, a traveler stopped at the Hotel in this place to remain all night. Accordingly mine host of the Washington Hall gave him the best accommodations he had, (which was inferior to none in the State) and paid particular attention to him.

The next morning the traveler sloped, leaving the landlord, "the bag to hold." For the purpose of having a little merriment, out of the individual, the landlord immediately had a warrant issued. The following is a true copy of the warrant handed to us. We omit the name of the parties, in justice to themselves, but give the remainder, verbatim et literatim.

**GEORGIA—WILKES COUNTY.**

TO ANY CONSTABLE GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to take the body of \_\_\_\_\_, for an action brought against him by \_\_\_\_\_, for refusing to pay his tavern bill, and bring him before me to answer an offence he has committed.

Signed.

Dec. 13th, 1852. J. P.

This warrant was handed to a Constable, who immediately went in pursuit of the individual, and overtook him a few miles from this place. He informed him that he came to arrest him. The traveler demanded his authority for so doing; the Constable then read the warrant to him, and he immediately "forked" over the dimes, not only the "tavern bill," but all costs including 12¢ cents per mile for pursuing him.—Washington (Ga.) Gazette.

Signed.

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